

Needing Comfort

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Summary: He supposed to be the joker, the one who's light hearted, the comic relief. What happens when Mikey finally get's to the end of his rope with the struggles in life. What can April do to help?

Needing Comfort

Mikey tried his best as always see the bright side. He was the comic relief, the joker, the one who looked at life, and laughed. It was how he could keep his cool. He now glanced out of the windows of his room into the depths of space. It went on and on. He could see the stars, but they were obviously so far away. He quietly sat on the edge of his bed. His hand slowly pushing the orange fabric from his face, off of his head. The slight reflection of his image ghosting in glass as he looked upon the blackness. He leaned forward resting his elbows on his knees, his hands clutching the mask, with his forehead resting against his thumbs. He could feel the heat rising behind his eyes, as the tears made their way forward.

"Oh God," he breathed out. "Please, God...his emotions began to shake his body. "Let me please... Let me just wake up from this dream...this nightmare! Please!" His voice rasped.

Going into space was new territory for the young turtle. It was exciting at first. Like a dream from a TV show.. But it's novelty wore off. All the cool changes, and new scenery didn't cover the tragedy of life... He saw his sensei fall at The Shredder's blades, his world destroyed, and like the others, lost almost everything he knew. Not wanting to realize it, the loneliness was to etching itself into his heart. He soon found it difficult to be the happy person all the time. Sometimes he would just sit quietly watching the others, feeling the coldness seeping into his heart. Like there was a, "black hole generator" inside of him, slowly sucking away his joy, his life. Leaving in its wake pain, emptiness, and sorrow. Something dark...he hated the feelings, and thoughts that passed into his thinking.

Mikey straightened suddenly, hearing a noise just behind the door, near his closet. Someone had been there for awhile. Watching him. A shadow had covered them where they were standing. He didn't look, but he could hear them breathing. He waited.

"Well so now you seen!" Mikey could taste the bitter words falling from his lips, surprising even himself. He expected one of his brothers to appear. When the figure finally moved he knew it wasn't one of them. He looked up seeing her reflection in the window, and with this, his tears seemed to well in his eyes blurring his vision. Mikey used his mask covered hand to hide his tears, brushing them away, as April slowly appeared into the light, he found himself scooting back a bit when he finally saw her face. He could see she was crying also. Mikey watched quietly, as April walked across the room. Finally lowering his hands when she stood in front of him.

"April..." The young terrapin man whispered in surprise. April lifted her hands to his face brushing the tears from his cheek. He could feel the warmth washing over his face, with her touch. With her hand she drew him closer, folding him into her arms. He closed his eyes. He could feel her heart beating against the temple of his head. Her small hands caressing the back of his neck. Finally realizing what was happening, Mikey brought himself to return her affection.

Mikey's arms slowly found themselves around April's thin frame. He turned his face toward her middle, feeling another wave of tears welling into his eyes. His body broke down as his sobs filled the room. Everything they had gone through, from when they had been picked up came into Mikey's mind. April could feel the heat of Mikey's tears soaking into the fabric of her suit. She just continued to hold him, silently letting her own tears fall as well.

"Awe Mikey," she managed. "It's okay.." Her hand now stroking the back of his shoulders. Mikey just held April closer.

"I can't do this anymore, April." Mikey whispered. "It's tearing me up inside." He drew in a haggard breath. "I know they need my upbeat personality to help get through this, but..." He swallowed slowly. "It hurts too much." Mikey's hold slacked with his words.

"Oh Mikey." April sighed tilting his head up so that he could face her. She caressed his forehead with her thumb. "We can't give up now...we all need to keep trying. You are stronger than you think." His heart dropped, now seeing the pain on April's face.

"April..." Mikey said softly. "I'm so sorry you have to see me like this." He reached out catching the tear rolling down her cheek. He swallowed as eyes met hers. "April, what made you come to my room?" He whispered realizing how close she was to him. He scanned over her tear streaked face once more. Suddenly he met her eyes. "You were here before I came in!" Realizing, answering his own question. "You've been watching me."

Mikey managed to smile just as April looked down to the ground. Her cheeks now carried a blush. She looked up.

"Only because you weren't acting like Mikey." He felt her stance

shift under his hands. "After those tiny aliens messed with your mind. I wanted to make sure you were alright." April slightly shuttered, with her confession. Yet, seeing him smile again brought her heart some comfort.

Michelangelo sat quietly for a moment. Suddenly he found himself drawing closer to her. He locked his eyes on hers. April wasn't anticipating this happening. She didn't anticipate that her comforting the terrapin would move him to this. She backed up slightly as Mikey stood to his feet. She found herself looking up into his face, just as Mikey's kiss touched her lips. A moment of genuine affection seemed to engulf her being, taking over all rational thought. The honesty of all her own feelings brought tears back into her eyes.

Mikey backed up, April's bottom lip quivering, and tasting the salty tear on his lips. "Oh April!" He said suddenly. He momentarily questioned himself on what he had just done. Impulsively he went to wipe her lips with his thumb. "Um..I ..um..I didn't mean to..." April's hand caught his. "Mikey..." She sighed again. Mikey blinked his eyes, just as her lips met his once more. This time the kiss was for more than just comfort. Mikey could feel the goose bumps forming on April's skin. He knew if he had hair, he would be sporting some too. Especially after feeling April's lips move along his. Mikey could feel the goose bumps forming on April's skin. He knew if he had hair, he would be sporting some too. Especially after feeling April's lips move along his.

Mikey felt her kiss flooding into his being like a wave. It washed through him. He once again found himself enfolded into her embrace. All the questions that came to his mind earlier had vanished. He held her close never wanting her to leave. All he knew was he needed her.

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